“Everything Is Shit”

Marcel Ray Duriez
4 min read
.
Jun 8, 2025

A Philosophical Essay on the Bleakness and Brutality of Life
By Marcel Ray Duriez

Life, when viewed through a raw, unfiltered lens, often appears to be a cycle of struggle, decay, and disillusionment. The assertion that “everything is shit, was shit, grown in shit, going to be shit, or gets shit on” is not just a crude lament—it is a bleak yet sincere worldview. This nihilistic perspective reflects the frustration many feel in the face of a world marred by injustice, suffering, and entropy. It begs not for pity, but for recognition.

To say “everything is shit” is to acknowledge the inherent flaws in human systems and experiences. From the moment of birth, we inherit a world shaped by war, inequality, disease, and death. History is not a gentle teacher but a brutal chronicle of repeated mistakes. Nations rise on bloodied foundations. Love often ends in loss. Trust is broken. Even beauty fades. What

begins in innocence is eventually touched—if not tainted—by suffering.

“Was shit” alludes to our past. Generations before us struggled under systems of oppression, superstition, and cruelty. The past is not golden; it is stained with colonialism, genocide, and ignorance. Humanity’s story is less a triumph of reason and more a long, stumbling walk through blood and shadow.

“Grown in shit” captures a bitter irony: even the good must arise from the bad. Flowers bloom from manure. People mature through pain. Art is born from suffering. Our best qualities—resilience, compassion, courage—are often forged in the fires of trauma. It’s an uncomfortable truth: without darkness, light is invisible.

“Going to be shit” expresses the cynical foresight that no matter how much we build, time and chaos will undo it. Everything we cherish will be forgotten. Every structure will crumble. Entropy has the final word. Empires fall. People die. The universe expands toward heat death. What is the point, then, if all ends in ruin?

“Gets shit on” is the final blow. Even the innocent, the kind, the striving are not spared. Life plays no favorites. Bad things happen to good people. Institutions meant to protect often harm. Nature itself is indifferent. The rain falls on the just and the unjust alike. Fairness is not a law of the universe—it is a human wish unmet.

Yet, there's a strange power in saying this aloud. In declaring everything to be shit, one may paradoxically find clarity. The illusion of perfection shatters. False hope is replaced with raw truth. And in that truth lies a kind of freedom: if everything is meaningless, we are free to create our own meaning. If all is chaos, we can be the order we seek. If all ends in death, we are liberated to live honestly and fully—while we can.

To accept that "everything is shit" is not to surrender—it is to stop pretending. And perhaps, in that stopped pretending, we can begin something real.

Commencement Speech: "Everything Is Shit—And That's Why You Matter"
By Marcel Ray Duriez

Delivered on the occasion of an Honorary Doctorate Ceremony

Ladies and gentlemen, honored faculty, esteemed graduates:

Today is a day of triumph. Of robes, of tassels turned, of smiling families capturing the moment when you are officially told: You made it. But before you walk away believing that life will now make sense, I want to tell you something real—something you may not hear from most podiums.

Everything is shit.
Was shit.
Grown in shit.

Going to be shit.
And gets shit on.

That’s it. That’s the truth. The naked, impolite, uncomfortable truth. Not exactly what you'd expect from an honorary degree speech, I know. But you didn’t come this far just to be comforted—you came here to be awakened.

Let me explain.

We live in a world where suffering is stitched into every seam. From the soil beneath us, layered with history’s wars, to the systems we operate in—corrupt, clunky, and unequal. We grow up learning ideals, only to collide with a reality that doesn’t play fair. Your effort won’t always be rewarded. Your kindness will sometimes be overlooked. And yes, even your success will get shit on.

And yet…

Here you are.

You rose. You pushed through deadlines and doubt, isolation and imposter syndrome. You faced the darkness that whispered “You’re not enough,” and you made it anyway. You are proof that growth can come from the foulest conditions. Flowers don’t bloom from crystal—they bloom from compost.

That’s the paradox. Yes, everything might be shit—but you’re not. Your choices, your compassion, your refusal to give up in a world that keeps getting heavier—that is not shit. That is resistance. That is power.

So what do you do when you leave here?

You don’t fix everything. You can’t.
You won’t save the world—not all of it.
But you can choose one thing.
One cause, one person, one truth you’ll stand for.

Because in a world made of shit, every act of beauty, of honesty, of love—becomes a rebellion.

You want to be a hero? Show up when no one else does. Say the truth when it’s not popular. Build something that will break, love someone who may leave, help someone who can never repay you. That’s how you fight the shit. Not by pretending it’s not there—but by choosing to rise anyway.

So to the graduating class before me: may your lives not be perfect. May they be real. May they be messy, human, and yes, sometimes full of shit—but always guided by that quiet, stubborn light that refuses to go out.

Congratulations.

And don’t forget to wash your hands.